MARVEL
PSR 37

WINICK

HENRY

MORALES

EXILES®

FANTASTIC VOYAGE
3 OF 3

They are *The Brood.*

An insect-like alien race. Their original home world is unknown, and their history is a patchwork of *destruction.*

They are like *locusts.* They invade, they inhabit, they conquer through *infection.*

The Brood do not *procreate* in the conventional sense. Their queen will inject a living being with an *egg.*

Once hatched, the embryo metamorphoses the host until its body *becomes* a Brood.

Entire worlds have succumbed under their death grip.

They win, because the transformation causes the very personality of the host to become a *malevolent drone* of the Brood hive.

They succeed because they attack the *strong,* who then will defeat the *weak.*

And with infecting Calvin Rankin--the Exile known as *Mimic*--they have ensnared a drone of frightening power and possibilities.

With his ability to *duplicate* any superhuman's *powers*, he possesses the capabilities of Colossus, Wolverine, Beast, Cyclops, and the speedster Northstar.

Although he holds only *half* their potency, he is still a *one-man army*.

An army that now belongs to a race of *demons* bent on devouring entire *civilizations*.

Beginning with the destruction of any presumed *threat*...

...as in his *allies* and *teammates*.

Don't resist! It doesn't *have* to be death! Incapacitation will do!

Mimic?!

He's out of his mind!

CAL!

What's gotten *into* you? These are the *good guys!* The *very good* guys! We usually *don't* make Swiss cheese of--

--oh...oh, *no*. You're a *Brood*.

Right the *first* time.

K-TZOT!

BREEOOOCK!!

Stand down, Rankin. I don't want to hurt you.

Give us a chance to rectify what's happened to you.

Boy, do you need to get a clue.

The others will explain to you "what's happened" to me, Reed Richards.

That is, if I leave big enough pieces for them to find!

WHUUMP!

KRUNK!

You would have been useful to the *hive*, Reed, but I just *can't* bring myself to reel in this *bloodlust*.

Sorry, you caught me at a *bad moment*.

Pal, I don't know what bug crawled into your body...

...but *no one* gets to hurt the Egghead--except *me!*

Pucker up.

BL AAM!

Reed, you *okay?* I'm not sure what's going on, but this--

Ben, there's *no time* to explain! Stop Mimic! We *can't* let him flee!

Too late! We'll *never* catch him.

He's heading towards the heart of *Manhattan.* In his condition we can't allow him to reach a population *that size.* There's no telling *what* he's planning.

Can't imagine... what do monsters *usually* want? To wreck *buildings?* To scare women pushing *strollers?*

He's looking for *combat,* Morph. The egg inside him has hatched and his healing factor is trying to *destroy* it.

As long as he stays *active* and gives himself a *beating,* that embryo will remain *safe.*

I can't think of a *worse* scenario, Heather...Mimic as a *Brood drone.*

I can. Say you're the Brood Queen...

...you've been fighting Mimic for *years*. And you're *finally* able to implant him with an egg.

Would you put a *drone* egg in a being that *powerful*?

No...I'd put the egg of a *queen* in him.

A creature who would be able to implant *more* eggs. *All* of Mimic's power in the body of a *Brood Queen*.

This is "*bad*," I presume?

Yeah. A three-hundred IQ and all you come up with is "*bad*"? But, yes-- *major* bad.

"This is going a *little better* than expected, Sue..."

...it's amazing what can be accomplished by the combined efforts of five *super-beings* and the *NYPD*.

A calm migration of the civilian population *away* from an area of danger.

I suppose thinking of myself as a *super-being* will take some getting used to, TJ.

Probably. But your *first* two hours seem to be going well, Sue.

BEEP!

Yes, Reed, I'm here--*what?* Wait, *slow down.*

Tell the Exiles Mimic was implanted with a *what*--? A *Brood egg?*

What did you say? Sue, *give* me that thing!

"The embryo has *hatched?* Are you *sure?*

"No, we haven't seen him! What makes you think he's headed *our* way?"

DRINK MORE

BRAAAKOOM

TJ, what was *that?* Are we--

No time to *explain,* Sue--

--just hit him till he's down!

Try, Nocturne! *Please,* by all means, *try!*

Buddy, I haven't been at this super hero thing *long,* but I know a bad piece of business when I *see* it.

So, how'd you like a snootful of *fire?*

BRAAAWR

I don't know if *I* like it, Johnny...

BREEEEN!

...how 'bout *you?*

How did you--

AAAH!

HWOOOOSH

I thought you could only mimic *five* powers at a time there, ya big parasite!

RAAGH!

SHWUNGH!

With my new *unique* physiology--Brood *and* mutant--I am finding it more capable than my *previous* ncarnation.

Just *watch* as I am fully transformed into the *Brood Queen!*

The Earth will fall under the mighty empire of the Brood within a *month!*

KANG

Confident little egg-laying bug, aren't we?

You won't even make it out of your *larva* stage, cockroach!

CHUNG

Oddly enough, I'm not *terribly* frightened, Magik

CRACK

UNGH!

Let's see if I hold up to *half* of what these Exiles say I'll one day become.

Try the invisible *force field*...

WHUMP!

Very admirable, Sue. Keep this up and you'll *almost* be known for something other than being *married* to Reed!

That hasn't even *happened* yet, stupid! But thanks for ruining the *surprise!*

BRAK!

CRUNCH

Ah, *Nocturne!* I was *so hoping* you'd show up.

I've always been *curious* how it would feel to absorb your *hex bolts,* and be able to *possess* people's bodies!

BREEEEN!

Now, I've got *all* that, and I get to be *blue* and *dexterous* to boot!

And you just get to be a *projectile!*

Best o' luck!

TONY STARK'S PRIVATE LABORATORY

It broke down again, Reed! The formula is not holding its potency!

Try again, Tony. I'm certain we can synthesize it if we just hit the right combination

I wish I shared your confidence, Reed.

...an analgesic of this magnitude synthesized into a radiation burst? It's more luck than science.

And there are far too many variables. Too many unknown outcomes

I understand your desire to formulate a sedative that will bring this Mimic-Alien hybrid to a comatose state, but for one, it might not grant us the preferred results.

It might not shut him down and give his healing factor a foothold. We might get the opposite. Or we might just--

End up killing him.

Yes. I am aware of the factors, Otto. But I also understand that Rankin is considered one of the greatest heroes of his age.

He deserves a chance.

But if it will set your mind at ease--I agree. If we fail in this endeavor...

"... we may be forced to destroy him."

I can go. at this. all day. Calvin!

Doubtful, Sunfire. But since I've got both yours *and* young Mr Storm's *flame powers* under my be t-- I'd say *I'm* good for a couple of *days!*

While *you*, l ttle Mariko, are looking a bit *tired.*

I'm fine you'l never *ever.* beat us

But of *course* I will You're all just *humans,* while I am becoming *much* more

KIZOK!

UNGH!

No! That crowd--!

BOOM

HWEEEOOOOOOOO

Everyone! Run! Don't look back! GO!

GOOO!

Keep going--there's no time!

RUUUN!

HWOOOAAAAARRR

Don't know if I can keep disintegrating the debris *gotta..* keep

expended. *so much* energy. fighting Mimic!

Just need to hold out for another few *

Can't see any. can't

I'll admit I'm *impressed.* You mastered *my* gig pretty quickly, Mimic.

But don't make me turn into a big can of *bug spray* and *waste you!*

Really? Can we a ter our-selves into different *chemical forms?* How *interesting!*

I hope I can pass along this *shapeshifting* ability to my *hatchlings.* It will be so advantageous in the subjugation of your species!

Yeah. I *never* get tired of hearing wor d -dominating alien gronks say "subjugation of your species." *Always* a crowd pleaser.

Funny, Morph. You're *always* so very, very funny.

BLAM!

How's *this* for a few laughs, you jerk?!

We're going to beat you until that bug *falls out!* We want our guy *back!*

Hold still, Mimic, this is gonna *hurt!*

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BRAK!

None of you seem to *grasp* the situation!

With every moment, *less* of *Calvin Rankin* occupies this body!

With every moment, I grow *more powerful!*

Boo Om

With every moment, I take a step closer to my *full transformation!*

Gaze upon me, humans! Look upon your *future!*

I am your *life!*

I am your *master!*

I am your *GOD!*

Yeah. there's a few *more* of those o self-effacing chestnuts

You gonna demand we "*kneel before your omnipotence*"?

There'll be *no kneeling!* We're still in this fight, people!

And I believe we're actually at the *end* of it!

GO! Commence the attack!

Here you go, TJ!

I'm *gone!*

Right into the *belly of the beast!*

Literally!

SPLOISH!!

No! You can't--

AAAAAAAAGH!

Quickly! I can't **hold** *him! He's using my own--my own power to* **force out** *the* **possession!**

I only need a *second*, TJ--

--to nail his metal hide to his *Achilles' heel!*

SLAMM!

AAAAARRRRGH!

SPREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

"I think it's working...

"...we're able to pierce his ***armor*** at its most ***vulnerable*** point.

"His ***eyes***. The radiation emission that's laced with ***synthesized narcotics*** should slow him down...

"...long enough for his ***healing factor*** to attack the embryo!"

How you doing, champ?

It's dead... the Brood egg is dead, TJ. What did you *hit* me with?

Just rest, Calvin...we can talk about it all *later*. You really gave us a *run for our money* there, though. I can't--

You *monster*...

...this...this should have been *you*...

...*you* should be...you should be the one who's... who's...

Morph... where did... *what*...

Mariko was buried in the rubble of... of...

...she must've suf- suffocated.

She died fighting *you*, Calvin. You *monster*!

You're supposed to *know* better! You're *supposed* to be the *great hero*!

Well--*great hero*--how could you come *back* to us with a *monster living inside you*!

Look what you *did*!

You should have killed *yourself*! You *coward*! How could you let this *happen*?!

She's just a *girl*! She's *20 years old*, you maniac!

And now she's *dead*!

You should of... you should of...it should have been you! You...

...it should have been *you*...

BLEEEEEENK

I'm *so* sorry, guys.

But...well... I've become *unhinged from time.*

The Timebroker tells me that I'm your *new teammate.*

You've completed your mission and it's time to *move on* to the *next world.*

It's me. It's BLINK. I'm back.

END